

*The history*

Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues  
As stufte for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nestor.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
Who as *Ulysses* sayes opinion crownes,  
With an imperiall voyce many are infect;  
*Aiax* is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head  
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place.

As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,  
Makes factious feasts, railes on our state of warre,  
Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*.

A slaue, whose gall coyne's slanders like a mint;  
To match vs in comparisions with durt,  
To weaken our discredit, our exposure  
How ranke so euer rounded in with danger.

*Ulysses.* They take our pollicie, and call it cowardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the warre,  
Forfall prescience, and esteeme no act  
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts;  
That do contriue how many hands shall strike,  
When fittesse calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their obseruant toyle the enemies waight,  
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,  
They call this bed-worke, mappry, Closet warre;  
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,  
For the great swinge and rudenesse of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine;  
Or those that with the finctie of their soules,  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse  
Makes many *Theris* sonnes,

*Agam.* What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*:

*Mene.* From Troy.

*Agam.* What would you fore our tent:

*Ene.* Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?

*Agam.* Euen this.

*Ene.* May one that is a Herrald and a Prince,  
Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?

*Agam.* With fury stronger then *Achilles* arme,

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

Fore all the Greekeish heads, which with one voice,  
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.

*Ene.* Faire leaue and large security, how may  
A stranger to those most imperiall lookes,  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How?

*Ene.* I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush, (*Phæbus*,  
Modest as morn'ng, when thee coldly eyes the youghfull  
Which is that god, in office guiding men,  
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.

*Agam.* This Troyan scornes vs, or the men of Troy,  
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

*Ene.* Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd  
As bending Angels, that their fame in peace:  
But when they would seeme souldiers, they haue galls,  
Good armes, strong ioints, true swords, & great *Iones* accord  
Nothing so full of heart: but peace *Eneas*,  
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,  
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth,  
If that the praisd him-selfe bring the praise forth.  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends.

*Agam.* Sir you of Troy, call you your selfe *Eneas*?

*Ene.* I Greeke, that is my name.

*Agam.* Whats your affaires I pray you?

*Ene.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

*Agam.* He heeres naught priuately that comes from Troy.

*Ene.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him,  
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,  
To set his seat on that attentiu bent,  
And then to speake.

*Agam.* Speake frankly as the winde,  
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houte;  
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,  
Hee tels thee so himselfe.

*Ene.* Trumpet blowe alowd,  
Send thy brasse voyce through all these lazie tents,